

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., MARCH 1, 1887.

NUMBER 17

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
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One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-
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A burglar entered the house of
Rev. W. C. Hayes at Madisonville
and stole the minister's salary for
three months which he had just
drawn.

Adventures of Tad;

HAPS AND NISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

Tad was near the
close of a bluster-
ing March day, and
the seats about the
big cylinder stove in the wait-
ing-room of the Broad
Street station in the
city of Philadel-
phia were in
great demand. One of them was oc-
cupied by Tad Thorne, who, though he had
no business there, was enjoying the
warmth as only a small, fourteen-year-
old boy can do, after being all day in
the city streets crying parlor matches
at three cents per box—"two for five."

Tad's enjoyment was tempered by a
little mental worry, as a matter of
course. Nobody is entirely
happy in this world, and as he warmed
himself Tad was obliged to keep a
watchful eye on the door of the porter's
room opposite. It was the duty of
that colored functionary to assist
tramps and vagrant boys from the
waiting-room, with scant ceremony.

"Last night he said he'd borrow me if
he caught me here again," mused Tad,
advancing first one patched shoe and
then the other toward the stove, "but
I shouldn't think the corporation would
grudge what little fire it takes to warm
me."

For a time Tad remained in undisturbed
comfort. So many persons
were constantly coming and going that
no one took particular notice of the
thinly-dressed, pale-faced lad who occa-
sionally stretched his fingers carelessly
toward the glowing coals.

"It's the first time I've been warm
since I left home last August. I wish
I could hold heat like a hot brick
does," Tad soliloquized, as with an
involuntary shiver he thought of having
to start out in the chilly air again.

"Is there no other place where you can
go and warm yourself, besides a
waiting-room full of loafers?" asked a
patron of the railroad? asked a tall,
aristocratic-looking gentleman, with
iron-gray hair, and a very dignified
manner who occupied the next seat to
the one in which Tad was sitting. He
spoke severely and frowned at Tad, as
though the boy's presence annoyed him.

If his address had been more kindly,
Tad's reply would have been more
respectful. As it was, Tad scowled a
little.

"There's places enough, I suppose—
only they don't happen to 'low boys
who haven't any business there, round
specially if they ain't dressed any bet-
ter'n I am," he answered, sullenly,
glancing involuntarily down at himself
as he spoke. The tall man muttered
something about "confounded nuisance,"
but made no further reply. And as he
rose, he cast a furtive glance at Tad.

Tad noticed that he wore a
long gray ulster, over a very nice suit
of clothes, while at one side of the seat
he had vacated lay his traveling rug in a
shawl-snap, and a small alligator-
skin satchel with nickel-plate mount-
ings.

Was wondering within himself
whether he ever knew what it was to be
homeless, cold and hungry when he
was a boy, when his meditations were
disturbed by the violent ringing of a
hand-bell, accompanied by the hoarse
voice of one of the railroad officials
calling out something of which Tad
could not hear.

"Those 'saps' and 'messengers' were
alone intelligible to Tad's ear. This
was followed by the usual frantic
rush toward the great swing doors
leading into the depot. The tall gen-
tleman sprang nervously to his feet,
and, snatching up his traveling rug,
shot through the doorway as though he
had but five seconds in which to board
a train that did not start for ten min-
utes, schedule time. "Hi, there!"
cried Tad after him, "you've left your
little satchel!" but the gentleman was
beyond call. So, seizing the hand-bag
from the seat, Tad followed his
predecessor, particularly in an instant be-
tween a big policeman and a small boy.

Just inside the swing doors stood a
policeman of imposing presence. He
was a large fat man but extremely
zealous, and his professional instincts
were at once aroused at the sight of a
shabbily-dressed boy dodging in and
out of the crowd, with a nickel-plated
alligator-skin satchel in his hand. Stop-
ping hastily forward he laid a heavy
hand on Tad's shoulder.

Now, after the manner of his kind,
Tad regarded all policemen as natural
foes to be feared—and, as far as possi-
ble, avoided. So, no sooner did he
recognize the dreaded touch than, slip-
ping cool-like from his would-be cap-
tor's grasp, Tad, with an inarticulate
cry of terror, dove directly under the
wheels of the nearest train.

The care was a stand-still, of
course, but had he been in motion, I
am not so sure but Tad would have
acted exactly the same, so great was
his fear of arrest. True, in theory,
conscious innocence is generally sup-
posed to show a bold front, but unfor-
tunately this is not always the case in
practice, particularly in an instant be-
tween a big policeman and a small boy.

Tad emerged on the opposite side
of the track, with the encouraging cry
of "Stop, thief!" ringing in his ears,
just in time to confront the blue-
coated official, who, in some inexplic-
able way, had reached the spot as quick-
ly as himself.

"There he is!" shouted a young
man, whom Tad had noticed in the
waiting-room a little before, and, host-

ting for a brief second, the hunted
lad, who still clung to the cause of
his trouble, sprang upon the platform
of a parlor-car attached to the waiting
train. Flinging open the door, he
darted in, meaning, if possible, to
pass through to the other end, where,
slipping off, he hoped to be able to
lose himself in the crowd.

Vain hope! As he hurried between
the rows of as yet unoccupied chairs,
the rattle of the conductor's key was
heard in the rear door at which he was
hoping to escape, while the shuffle of
feet, and sound of voices, at the door
which he had entered, told Tad that he
was fairly trapped.

Glancing despairingly about him,
Tad's quick eye discovered at least a
temporary hiding-place. Dropping on
his knees, he crawled behind the near-
est of the revolving chairs, which, for-
tunately for him, was the one next
the door of entrance. Concealed by its
revolving back, Tad made himself as
small as possible in the angle formed
by the end of the compartment and
the side of the car, where he awaited
the result in fear and trembling.

He heard the sound of masculine
feet and the rustle of silken skirts,
blended with a subdued murmur of
voices as the parlor-car began to fill
up. A rather stout lady, richly dressed,
passed beside the chair behind which
Tad was hidden.

"It is so warm here, John, I shall
not need to keep on my circular," she
said, in a somewhat languid tone. Tad
could not distinctly see the person thus
addressed, but by the way he threw
himself into the chair and immediately
unfolded a newspaper, from behind
which he vouchsafed a brief grunt in
reply. Tad imagined him to be the lady's
husband.

Suspending her heavy, fur-lined cloak
from a hook at the compartment end,
the lady patted and pulled its long
folds into place behind the chair-back,
and for a moment Tad's heart almost
stopped beating, as her gloved fingers
once or twice actually grazed his hair.

But he remained undisturbed, and,
better still, the sheltering garment
helped to hide him more effectually
than before, and, as its owner seated
herself with a little sigh of relief, Tad
chuckled gleefully as he heard the re-
ceding tread of the big policeman, who,
after casting a comprehensive glance
about the car, was obliged to beat a
hasty retreat—because—

The cars were in motion! In his ex-
citement the possibility of such a con-
tingency had entirely escaped Tad's
mind. He was almost on the point of
scrambling to his feet and calling out
to the conductor to stop the train, but,
remembering the unpleasant results

which would probably follow such a
procedure, Tad sank helplessly back
into his niche. He felt as though the
chances were that the conductor would
not believe his story, and he would
probably be given into custody—bag-
gage and all—at the next station. So,
of course, he chose to wait.

Long enough he waited, until the
night in comparative comfort, until
with the dawn of morning all began to
shake off their drowsiness, and to
struggle into more comfortable posi-
tions, as they grumbled about not hav-
ing slept a wink during the night.

Tad's lady was not exactly cross, but
his notice, that she called her hus-
band Mr. Mason, instead of "John,
dear," as on the evening before, when
he asked him how he had rested. And
he also noticed that Mr. Mason's voice
was rather sharp as he replied that the
confounded chair had given him three
distinct kicks in his backbone, and
his economy was well enough in its
place, by George! another time he'd
have his own way, and take a section
in a "sleeper," as sure as his name
was John Mason!

"So, my lady is Mrs. John Mason,"
Tad thought to himself, trying in his
imagination to picture her face from
the sound of her voice, and he was
satisfied. But without knowing why
he resolved not to forget the name of
the lady who—as he mentally ex-
pressed it—"belonged to the fur-lined
cloak." Other and less pleasant thoughts
began to obtrude themselves, as the
morning wore on. Now that he was
so near his destination, Tad's growing
anxiety as to his future movements
contrasted rather strongly with his
philosophy of the previous evening.

"I'll get something to eat, first of
all," finally decided Tad, resolving not
to lay any plans till this important duty
had been performed. He had a cash
cylinder of ten cents, together with two
boxes of matches as a balance of stock
in trade, so that he felt sure of a
breakfast—not a luxurious one, very
true—but, like a stale bun, very filling
for the price.

Besides, there was the satchel—he
could readily raise something on it at
the railway depot. "But that don't
seem to be doing the square thing by
the high-toned old party, after all,"
mused Tad, thoughtfully, "for even if
I don't ever run across him again—
which the needle-in-the-haystack busi-
ness isn't a circumstance to the chances
of doing—the lady isn't mine, after all.
I wonder what's inside," he continued,
curiously, as he lifted it to his lap—"a
box of paper collars, and a tooth-brush,
or lot of thousand-dollar bonds?" But
his newly-awakened curiosity remained
ungratified. The satchel was securely
locked, and its peculiarly-shaped key
was probably at that moment in the
lad gentleman's pocket, wherever the
individual himself might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Certainly, it was no comfort to Tad,
who was nearly wild with grief at the
loss of the one being whom he had to
love in the wide world. Only for things
that his mother said to him before she
fell asleep, I fear Tad would have drift-
ed into the ways of too many of our
city boys who, like him, are left home-
less and friendless amid temptation and
sin. But the boy had good stuff in
him, and, best of all, he held his moth-
er's memory and parting words as
something too sacred to be forgotten.
I do not claim that he was one of those
innocent street boys common enough
in fiction, but, alas! so rare in fact. By
no means. Truth compels me to state
that Tad Thorne at the age of fourteen
was rather rude in speech, quick-tem-
pered and the owner of a decidedly
obstinate disposition, which, however,
was readily affected by kindly words.
Yet, deep wounds at his faults? The
only wonder to myself is that Tad did
not become a really bad boy; for since
his mother's death he had, as one may
say, almost lived in the streets. For
Tad had no home. A friendly news-
vender gave him lodgings under his
periodical counter in the city post-
office, in return for his list of adver-
tisers or errands. And in old mo-
ments he had managed to keep soul
and body together by blacking boots,
peddling matches, carrying valises,
holding horses, and a score of other de-
vices known to the average street boy.

I have mentioned Tad's faults; now
let me tell you some of his better qual-
ities. He was honest, clean-mouthed, and,
generally speaking, truthful, as well as
kind-hearted and generous to an ex-
travagant degree. He had attended the
night schools—attracted at first by
their warmth and comfort—where he
learned to read creditably, spell fairly,
write legibly and cipher understand-
ably. But with his superiority in many
respects over the associates among
whom his lot of late had been thrown,
Tad, in thinking matters over, had to
confess that, in a business point of
view, he had been anything but a suc-
cess. The trouble was that he was not
sharp or unscrupulous enough to compete
with his fellows; but this fact he did
not recognize.

"I guess I'm not one of the lucky
ones," he murmured, rather ruefully,
as he mentally reviewed his many
business failures, while the swift train,
which was bearing him away from the
scene of them all, to fresh fields and
pastures new, went thundering on
through the darkness toward Boston.

Boston! As Tad's thoughts reverted
from the past, the name repeated itself
over in his mind. "Seems as though I
never say 'good-bye' to this place," he
thought. "I had an idea, in Boston, or
Bangor, or—anyway, it was a place
that began with B, somewhere 'down
East,'" mused Tad. "Not that he
hoped, expected or even desired to meet
this, the only relative he knew of in
the East, but he was enough to remember
that she had never held company with
him. Mrs. Thorne since her marriage to
some one whom her older sister Rhoda
did not like. And a slight offener to
his mother was in Tad's eyes an un-
pardonable offense.

But so much thinking, together with
the warmth of the steam-heating pipes
at his back, and the even, steady, quick
movement of the train, began to make
Tad drowsy. Peeping out of his hiding-
place, he could see that many of the
passengers were disposing themselves
for uneasy slumber, and, judging by
certain sounds from the chair in front of
him, Tad lady was fast asleep in dream-
land. So, leaning his head back against
the fur-lined cloak which had already
served him such a good turn, and
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Semi-Weekly Kentucky.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., MARCH 1, 1887.

NUMBER 17

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-
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AUSTIN D. HIGGS
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.
Office over Bank of Hopkinsville.
HOPKINSVILLE KY.

Adventures of Tad;

HAPS AND MISAPPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "HOW OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRANTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

It was near the
close of a bluster-
ing March day, and
the seats about the
big cylinder stove
in the waiting-
room of the Broad
Street station, in
the city of Phila-
delphia were in
great demand. One of them was oc-
cupied by Tad Thorne, who, though he had
no business there, was enjoying the
warmth as only a small, fourteen-year-
old boy can do, after being all day in
the city streets crying parlor matches
at three cents per box—"two for five."

Tad's enjoyment was tempered
by a little mental worry, as a matter of
course. Nobody is entirely
happy in this world, and as he warmed
himself Tad was obliged to keep a
watchful eye on the door of the porter's
room opposite. It was the duty of
that colored functionary to assist
tramps and vagrant boys from the
waiting-room, with scant ceremony.

"Last night he said he'd bounce me if
he caught me here again," mused Tad,
advancing first one patched shoe and
then the other toward the stove, "but
I shouldn't think the corporation would
grudge what little fire it takes to warm
me."

For a time Tad remained in undistur-
bed comfort. So many persons
were constantly coming and going that
no one took particular notice of the
thinly-dressed, pale-faced lad who occa-
sionally stretched his fingers caressingly
toward the glowing coals.

"It's the first time I've been warm
since last August—1 wasn't I could hold
heat like a hot brick!" Tad soliloquized, as
with an involuntary shiver he thought of
having to start out in the chilly air again.

"Is there no other place where you
can go and warm yourself, besides a
waiting-room only intended for theer—
patrons of the railroad?" asked a tall,
advertising-looking gentleman, who, with
iron-gray hair, and a very dignified
manner who occupied the next seat to
the one in which Tad was sitting. He
spoke severely and frowned at Tad, as
though the boy's presence annoyed him.

"If his address had been more kindly,
Tad's face would have been more
respectful. As it was, Tad scowled a
little.

"There's places enough, I s'pose—
only they don't happen to 'low boys
who hasn't any business there, round-
specially if they ain't dressed as well
as I am," he answered, sullenly,
glancing involuntarily down at himself
as he spoke. The tall man muttered
something about "confounded nuisance,"
but made no further reply. And as
he rose, giving a nervous glance at
the clock, Tad noticed that he wore a
long gray coat, over a very nice suit
of clothes, while at one side of the seat
he had vacated lay his traveling rug in
a shawl-trap, and a small alligator-
skin sachel with nickel-plate mount-
ings.

Tad was wondering within himself
whether he ever knew what it was to
be homeless, cold and hungry when he
was a boy, when his meditations were
disturbed by the violent ringing of a
hand-bell, accompanied by the hoarse
voice of one of the railroad officials
calling out something of the words
"express" and "passengers."

They alone intelligible to Tad's ears.
This was followed by the usual frantic
rush toward the great sliding doors
leading into the depot. The tall gen-
tleman sprang nervously to his feet,
and, snatching up his traveling rug,
shot toward the doorway as though he
had but five seconds in which to board
a train that did not start for ten min-
utes, schedule time. "Hi, there!"
cried Tad after him, "you've left your
little sachel!" but the gentleman was
beyond call. So, snatching the hand-bag
from the next seat, Tad elbowed his
way through the throng into the depot,
in hot pursuit of him into the flowing
glitter.

Just inside the swing doors stood a
policeman of imposing presence. He
was a large fat man but extremely
zealous, and his professional instincts
were at once aroused by the sight of a
shabbily-dressed boy dodging in and
out of the crowd, with a nickel-plated
alligator-skin sachel in his hand. Step-
ping hastily forward he laid a heavy
hand on Tad's shoulder.

Now, after the manner of his kind,
Tad regarded all policemen as natural
foes to be feared—and, as far as possi-
ble, avoided. So, no sooner did he
recognize the dreaded touch than, slip-
ping edgewise from his would-be cap-
turer's grasp, Tad, with an inarticulate
cry of terror, dove directly under the
wheels of the nearest train.

The cars were at a stand-still, of
course, but had they been in motion, I
am not so sure but Tad would have
escaped exactly the same, so great was
his fear of arrest. True, in theory,
conscious innocence is generally sup-
posed to show a bold front, but unfor-
tunately this is not always the case in
practice, particularly in an instance
between his policeman and a small boy.

Tad emerged on the opposite side
of the track, with the encouraging cry
of "Stop, thief!" ringing in his ears,
just in time to confront the blue-
coated official, who, in some inexplic-
able way, had reached the spot as quick-
ly as himself.

"There he is!" shouted a young
man, whom Tad had noticed in the
waiting-room a little before, and, hesi-

tating for a brief second, the hunted
lad, who still clung to the cause of
his trouble, sprang upon the platform
of a parlor-car attached to the waiting
train. Flinging open the door, he
darted in, meaning, if possible, to
slip through to the other end, where,
slipping off, he hoped to be able to
lose himself in the crowd.

Yin hope! As he hurried between
the rows of as yet unoccupied chairs,
the rattle of the conductor's key was
heard in the rear door at which he was
hoping to escape, while the shuffle of
feet, and sound of voices, at the door
which he had entered, told Tad that he
was fairly trapped.

Glancing desperately about him,
Tad's quick eye discovered at least a
temporary hiding-place. Dropping on
his knees, he crawled behind the seat
of the revolving chairs, which, fortu-
nately for him, was the one next
the door of entrance. Concealed by its
arching back, Tad made himself as
small as possible in the angle formed by
the end of the compartment and
side of the car, where he awaited the
result in fear and trembling.

He heard the sound of masculine
feet and the rustle of silk skirts,
blended with a subdued murmur of
voices as the parlor-car began to fill
up. A rather stout lady, richly dressed,
passed beside the chair behind which
Tad was hidden.

"It is so warm here, John, I shall
not need to keep my circular," she
said, in a somewhat languid tone. Tad
could not distinctly see the person thus
addressed, but by the way she moved
himself into the chair and immediately
unfolded a newspaper, from behind
which he vouchsafed a brief grunt in
reply. Tad imagined him to be the lady's
husband.

Suspending his heavy, fur-lined cloak
from a hook at the compartment end,
the lady patted and puffed its long
folds into place behind the chair-back,
and for a moment Tad's heart almost
stopped beating, as her gloved fingers
once or twice actually grazed his hair.

But he remained undiscovered, and,
better still, the "showering" garment
helped to hide him more effectively
than before, and, as its owner seated
herself with a little sigh of relief, Tad
chuckled gleefully as he heard the re-
vealing tread of the big policeman, who,
after casting a comprehensive glance
about the car, was obliged to beat a
hasty retreat—because—

The cars were in motion! In his ex-
citement the possibility of such a con-
tingency had entirely escaped Tad's
mind. He was almost on the point of
scrambling to his feet and calling out
to the conductor to stop the train, but,
remembering the unpleasant results

which would probably follow such a
proceedure, Tad sank his head back
against his pillow, and, with a sigh
into his niche. He felt as though the
chances were that the conductor would
not believe his story, and he would
probably be given into custody—bag
and baggage—at the next station. So,
of two evils, he chose the one which
seemed the least, comforting himself
with the assurance that the train would
probably arrive at its destination very
soon, when he could slip off unob-
served. The voice of Tad's lady—as
he mentally termed her—disturbed his
perplexed reverie.

"What time do we get in, John,
don't you know?" she asked, leaning
her feet on the comfortable hassock.

From behind his paper "John, dear,"
was understood to mutter that, pro-
vided the train didn't run off the track
or over an embankment, they were due
about eight a. m. on the following
morning in the city of Boston!

"Boston, oh, gimminy corks! I
have been and gone and done it now!"
gasped poor Tad, who, in moments of
excitement was apt to use language
which at other times he rather prided
himself on avoiding, because his
mother used to dislike it. So, Tad had
a vague impression that Boston was
a sort of large country town in a far-off
region known as "down East."

But, without well knowing why,
he resolved not to forget the name of
the lady who—as he mentally ex-
pressed it—"belonged to the fur-lined
cloak." Other and less pleasant thoughts
began to intrude themselves, as the
morning wore on. Now that he was
so near his destination, Tad's growing
anxiety as to his future movements
contrasted rather strongly with his
philosophy of the previous evening.

"I'll get something to eat, first of
all," finally decided Tad, resolving not
to lay any plans till this important duty
had been performed. He had a cash
capital of ten cents, together with two
loaves of sandwiches as a balance of stock
in trade, so that he felt sure of a
breakfast—not a luxurious one, it is
true—but, like a stale bun, very filling
for the price.

Besides, there was the sachel—he
could readily raise something on it at
the pawnbroker's. But that didn't
mean that he had the money to buy
the high-toned old party, after all,"
mused Tad, thoughtfully; "for even if
I don't ever run across him again—
which the needle-in-the-haystack busi-
ness isn't a circumstance to the chances
of doing—the bag isn't mine, after all.

He was, however, well knowing why,
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Certainly, it was no comfort to Tad,
who was nearly wild with grief at the
loss of the being whom he had to
love in the wide world. Only for things
that his mother said to him before she
fell asleep, I fear Tad would have drift-
ed into the ways of too many of our
city boys who, like him, are left home-
less and friendless amid temptation and
sin. But the boy had good stuff in
him, and, best of all, he held his moth-
er's memory and parting words as
something too sacred to be forgotten.

I do not claim that he was one of those
immature street boys common enough
in fiction, but, alas! so rare in fact. By
means, truth compels me to state
that Tad Thorne at the age of fourteen
was rather rude in speech, quick-tem-
pered and the owner of a decidedly
obstinate disposition, which, however,
was readily affected by kindly words.

Yet, do you wonder at his faults? The
only wonder to myself is that Tad did
not become a worse offender than his
mother's death he had, as one may
say, almost lived in the streets. For
Tad had no home. A friendly news-
vender gave him lodgings under his
periodical counter in the city post-
office, in return for which Tad sold pa-
pers or ran errands. And in odd mo-
ments and body together by blacking boots,
peddling matches, carrying valises,
holding horses, and a score of other de-
vices known to the average street boy.

I have mentioned Tad's faults; now
let me tell you some of his better quali-
ties. He was, first of all, a very honest
and generally speaking, truthful, as well
as kind-hearted and generous to an ex-
traordinary degree. He had attended the
night schools—attracted at first by their
warmth and comfort—where he
learned to read creditably, spell fairly,
write legibly and cipher understand-
ingly. But with his superior gifts in many
respects over the associates among
whom his lot of late had been thrown,
Tad, in thinking matters over, had to
confess that, in a business point of
view, he had been a thing but a suc-
cess. The truth is, Tad was not sharp
or unscrupulous enough to compete
with his fellows, but this fact he did
not recognize.

"I guess I'm not one of the lucky
ones," he murmured, rather ruefully,
as he mentally reviewed his many
business failures, while the swift train,
which was bearing him away from the
scene of them all, to fresh fields and
pastures new, went thundering on
through the darkness toward Boston.

Boston! As Tad's thoughts reverted
from the past, the name repeated itself
over in his mind. "Seems as though I
heard mother say once that I had an
Aunt Rhoda who lived in Boston, or
Bungor, or—anyway, it was a place
that began with B, somewhere 'down
East,'" mused Tad. Not that he
hoped, expected or even desired to meet
this, the only relative he knew of in
the world. It was enough to remember
that she had never held communication
with him. There was no one to write to
some one whom her older sister Rhoda
did not like. And a slight offered to
his mother was in Tad's eyes an un-
pardonable offense.

But so much thinking, together with
the warmth of the steam-heating pipes
at his back and the even, rushing
movement of the train, had lulled Tad
drowsy. Peeping out of his hiding-
place, he could see that many of the
passengers were disposing themselves
for uneasy slumber, and, judging by
certain sounds from the chair in front of
him, Tad's lady was already in dream-
land. He, therefore, drew back again
the fur-lined cloak which had already
served him such a good turn, and, being
used to sleeping in all sorts of
postures and places, Tad fell fast asleep
in no time. Rousing himself at inter-
vals long enough to silently change his
cramped position, Tad passed the long
night in comparative comfort, until
with the dawn of morning all began to
shake off their drowsiness, and to
struggle into more comfortable posi-
tions, as they trembled about not hav-
ing slept a wink during the night.

Tad's lady was not exactly cross, but
Tad noticed that she called her hus-
band "John, dear," instead of "John,
dear," as on the evening before, when
she asked him how he had rested. And
he also noticed that Mr. Mason's voice
was rather sharp as he replied that the
confounded chair had given him three
distinct kicks in his backbone, and
while economy was well enough in
place, by George! another time he'd
have his own way, and take a section
in a "skeeper," as sure as his name
was John Mason!

"So, my lady is Mrs. John Mason,"
Tad thought to himself, trying in his
imagination to picture her face from
the sound of her voice, and falling en-
tirely into the "down East" way of
thinking, he resolved not to forget the
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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1887.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

L. & N. Railroad.
DEPART SOUTH—4:45 and 6:55 A. M.; 10:30 P. M.
DEPART NORTH—10:15 and 12:15 A. M.; 10:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—10:15 A. M.; 3:30, 10:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—4:45 A. M.; 6:55 P. M.
John W. Logan, Agent, Hopkinsville, Ky.
POST OFFICE—West Main Street, bet. 3th and 4th.
Open for letters, stamps—7 A. M. to 8 P. M.
"Money order"—7 A. M. to 8 P. M.
"Delivery, Sunday"—3:45 to 4:15 P. M.
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,
Seventh St. near Main.
Open 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES.
WESTERN UNION—Up stairs corner Main and
Chapin. A. H. Smith, operator.
BALTIMORE & OHIO—Up stairs corner Main
and Chapin. A. H. Smith, operator.

**For Louisville, Chesapeake & Ohio
Route.**

No. 1.
Lv. Hopkinsville, L. N., 10:30 A. M.
Arr. Louisville, L. N., 11:30 A. M.
Lv. Louisville, L. N., 11:30 A. M.
Arr. Hopkinsville, L. N., 12:30 P. M.
No. 2.
Lv. Hopkinsville, L. N., 10:30 P. M.
Arr. Louisville, L. N., 11:30 P. M.
Lv. Louisville, L. N., 11:30 P. M.
Arr. Hopkinsville, L. N., 12:30 A. M.

SOCIALITIES.

Mrs. N. Carr, of Princeton, Ky., is
visiting Mrs. W. L. Trice.

Col. Geo. Poindexter's condition is
gradually growing worse.

Oscar Layne, merchant at Fair-
view, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. J. C. Tate, of Glasgow, Ky.,
is on a visit to relatives in the city.

W. H. Nolen, merchant at Cerulean
Springs, spent yesterday in the city.

Dr. W. L. Johnson, of Dawson,
spent two days of last week in the
city.

Mrs. C. S. Timothy returned from
a pleasant visit to Chattanooga, Sun-
day.

Mrs. J. O. Rust has been critically
ill for several days, but was some
better yesterday.

Mr. Ben Rosenbaum left to-day for
Cincinnati to purchase a spring
stock of goods.

Mrs. T. P. Major, of Clarksville,
spent several days of last week with
her mother, Mrs. J. E. Jessup.

Misses Lillie and Nannie Johnson
and Dr. L. Warfield, of Clarksville,
came over yesterday to attend the
Warfield-Wood wedding.

Mrs. T. P. Major returned to Clark-
sville yesterday, accompanied by
Misses Lillie and Nannie Johnson
and Dr. L. Warfield.

Miss Henie Stevens has returned
from an extended visit to Paducah.

Dr. Hunt, of Paducah, accompanied
her on her return, and is spending a
few days in the city.

Mrs. R. W. Roach, Mr. and Mrs.
P. M. Barker, Miss Kate Gilliam, Mr.
M. Savage, Dr. N. L. Carney, Mr. G.
M. Bell and Mr. S. W. Gunn, of
Clarksville, came over yesterday to
be present at the Roach-Iledd yester-
day.

Death of Geo. W. Lindsay.

Dr. George Willis Lindsay, one of
the leading merchants and most prom-
inent citizens of Cadiz, died at his
home in that town at 10 o'clock Fri-
day night, Feb. 25th. He had been
suffering with a heart trouble for sev-
eral months and his condition was
considered very dangerous. His phys-
icians had candidly told him that he
might live for years and might die
dead at any time. On Friday night
he was feeling better than usual and
started from one room into another
and suddenly fell over dead in the
doorway. He never breathed after he
fell. Although his death was very
sudden, it was not a surprise to his
friends, who had been apprised of his
condition. Dr. Lindsay was not a
practicing physician, but had for many
years been engaged in the grocery
business and leaves a handsome prop-
erty. He married a daughter of the
late Maj. C. M. Tandy, of this county
who with two children survives him.
His funeral services were held Sat-
urday afternoon. Deceased was about
50 years of age.

Absolute Prohibition.

The last liquor license in Hopkins-
ville will expire to-morrow and after
that date absolute prohibition will
be in force, unless the law be evaded
or violated. Only a few of the de-
alers have been selling under quasi li-
censes since January 1st. If we are
not mistaken there are one or two li-
censed yet in force in the city, but
there are none in the county. All of
them expire by April 1st, and Chris-
tian will be a dry county. The jug
trade is not very large now, but when
the supplies run on hand are exhausted
it may be expected to be pretty lively.

KILLED BY A SHEEP.

A Prominent Citizen's Sudden Death.

Henry G. Farnsworth, of the Pee
Dee vicinity, was fatally hurt by a
sheep which he was handling last
Friday. He was jerked violently over
a log and fell receiving internal in-
juries which caused his death Satur-
day morning. Mr. Farnsworth was
about 54 years old and was one of the
prominent citizens of his portion of
the county. He leaves a family and
a large circle of friends. His funeral
was preached Sunday by Rev. A. W.
Mecham.

HERE AND THERE.

See advertisement Gowan property.
For good milk cows apply to—
C. Cook.

Paper Sacks for putting up hams
for sale at this office.

Honorable's Hibernica played "The
Two Dances" last night to a light
house.

A brand new 6 drawer sewing ma-
chine for sale at a sacrifice. Apply
at this office.

Sunday's cold wave was probably
the last touch of winter we will have
this season.

The first chapters of "The Adven-
tures of Tad," our new serial, ap-
pear in this issue.

Judge Bennett will write the de-
cision of the Court of Appeals in the
Anderson-Winfre contest case.

Lawson Cheatham was tried yester-
day for stealing coal and the trial
resulted in a hung jury and he was
held over.

Parties desiring first-class job work
would do well to give us a call, as
our facilities for executing such work
are unsurpassed.

Mr. C. P. Nolen, who was in busi-
ness on 7th street until recently, has
gone into business with his brother
at Cerulean Springs.

Dr. H. M. Sherman will return to
Trenton Sunday morning and remain
until Monday morning at 9 o'clock at
the Cabanis House.

Clarksville seems to have hit upon
a new scheme to reduce the popula-
tion of Hopkinsville. She is sending
her young men over here at the rate
of two a day to marry our pretty
girls.

County Superintendent F. H. Ren-
shaw informs us that he has received
the 60% of public school money due
the teachers, amounting to over \$11-
000, which is now ready for disburse-
ment.

The post-office at Bainbridge has
been moved back from Bryant's store,
one mile east, to Old Bainbridge and
William Gilliland has been appointed
postmaster, vice W. H. Nolen, re-
signed.

We were shown last week several
leaves of tobacco taken from Mr. S.
P. Elgin's crop which measured 23
inches in width and 36 inches in
length. The color and quality of the
sample were faultless and when Mr.
Elgin puts his tobacco on the market
he will no doubt get a fancy price
for it.

Mrs. Gupion and a young lady
relative residing with her went sud-
denly insane at Clarksville, Tenn.,
last Friday. Mrs. Gupion attempted
to kill her child, when a young man
rushed into the house to save the
child and both women fell upon him
with all their might, but he succeed-
ed in rescuing it. The women were
finally secured and will be returned
to the Asylum, from which they were
lately discharged.

Mrs. Mary Ellis, one of the oldest
residents of Hopkinsville, died Sat-
urday at the residence of Mr. G.
V. Thompson, on 16th street. She was
aged about 87 years and among her
numerous descendants are numbered
some of the best and most prominent
families of the city. Her funeral was
preached at the residence, at 1 o'clock
Sunday afternoon, by her pastor,
Rev. J. W. Lewis. Mrs. Ellis was
for a long term of years a consistent
member of the Methodist church and
died sustained by a christen's faith.

Honor roll of Lafayette High
School for February 1887: Judson
Dickerson, 91; Mack Purcell, 97;
Maxey Joiner, 92; Frank Boyd, 90;
Rufus Carter, 95; Charley Hamilton,
97; Tyree Harris, 94; George Free, 98;
Cattle Bruff, 98; James Stevenson, 90;
Mollie France, 92; Harry Gafford, 91;
Luther Roberson, 92; Rosa Williams,
92; Bird Joiner, 91; Ernest Coleman,
95; Reuben Dickerson, 95; Lonnie
Fragher, 90; James Norflett, 90;
James McGee, 92, and Willie Dawson,
94. The school has done good work
the past month with a fine prospect
for a better record for March.

Sudden Death.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Gaiter entertained
a number of their friends on the
evening of Feb. 22nd, with a pro-
gressive euchre party. Those attend-
ing were Messdames A. J. Dabney, E.
C. Glass, E. G. Seebie, Hunter Wood,
J. K. Gant, Jr., G. E. Gaiter and
S. C. Mercer, and Miss Annie Bar-
bour. Messrs. A. J. Dabney,
E. G. Seebie, J. K. Gant, Jr., Robt.
Baker, S. C. Mercer, Dr. Geo. Camp-
bell, John Ellis, G. E. Gaiter. The
arrangements of the game were plan-
ned skillfully by the hostess and the
celebration of the 22nd passed off de-
lightfully. The ladies' prize, a pair
of porcelain vases of elegant design,
was awarded to Mrs. A. J. Dabney.

Mr. Charles R. Rutherford, a prom-
inent and highly respected citizen of
Trenton, died very suddenly Sunday
night last. He was apparently in
good health when he left Mr. J. D.
Rutherford's for his home a short
while before he was found. He was
found dead in the road half way be-
tween Mr. J. D. Rutherford's and his
own residence about 9 o'clock P. M.
It is supposed that apoplexy was the
cause of death. Deceased has been
merchandising at Trenton for a num-
ber of years and was a very influen-
tial and upright citizen and will be
much missed in that community. He
will be buried at 1 o'clock to-day in
Trenton.

Louis Zolder, a boy, was killed by
an accident at the Midland blast fur-
nace, Crawford county, Missouri.

They're Going to Be Built



THE MONEY IS PLEDGED AND THE TURNPIKE ASSURED.

If Hopkinsville Is Dead She's a
Lively Corpse.

AN ORGANIZATION TO BE MADE
TO-DAY.

All day last Friday and up to noon
Saturday Messrs. Jas. D. Russell and
Henry C. Gant were seeing the peo-
ple of Hopkinsville and getting sub-
scriptions to the Turnpike project.
After they dropped below the \$500
limit and began to take single shares
they met with greater encouragement,
the subscriptions were smaller.
The young men of Hopkinsville are
almost to a unit in favor of progress
and improvement and although many
of them had to strain a point to give
at all they put their shoulders to the
wheel and steadily swelled the list
until more than the amount asked
had been raised. Clerks, book-
keepers and professional men as
well as merchants "chipped in"
and helped to pull Hopkinsville out
of the mud that has surrounded her
and held back her prosperity for gen-
erations past. But thanks to the en-
terprise, the liberality and public
spirit of Hopkinsville's citizens and
the generosity and munificence of Mr.
Jno. C. Latham who started the ball
rolling, there is a brighter day
ahead and in six months there will
be 50 miles of turnpikes radiating out
from our city. About \$80,000 has
been raised, but more is yet wanted.
There will be toll-houses to build
and other expenses to incur that will
take a considerable sum. Let those
who have been overlooked come for-
ward and make their subscriptions
and swell the total as much as pos-
sible. The more money subscribed the
more pike can be built and there is no
such thing as enough while there is
an unimproved road in the county.

NOW FOR BUSINESS.

The subscribers have been called to
meet at the Opera House this after-
noon at 2 o'clock when the Hopkins-
ville Turnpike and Improvement Co.
will be formally organized. Direct-
ors will be elected and articles of in-
corporation at once drawn up. The
Court of Claims will be convened
this month to arrange for the right of
way over such roads as shall be se-
lected by the Directors.

The Metcalf Foundry.

The shops and foundry started by
the Messrs. Metcalf some months
since, have been taxed with work
both in manufacturing and repairing
to their full capacity from the begin-
ning. The large amount of new
reapers, steam-separators and other
farm machinery used in this county
will always furnish work for a large
shop at this point. The Metcalfs
not only get home orders but many
from other counties, and Indiana and
Tennessee. They employ a good corps
of operatives at good wages. Some
five or six of these are men of fam-
ilies. Their weekly wages distributed
among our tradesmen help business
wonderfully. Liberal inducements
have been made to the Messrs. Met-
calf to move their shops elsewhere
in the way of bonus and stock. The
attention of southern towns is direct-
ed everywhere to iron manufacturers
and millions of money are invested in
these enterprises, in various quarters.
It is these enterprises which form the
life and true basis of every boom
which is not a humbug. Workshops
which supply needed articles of con-
sumption, and employ skilled work-
men are indispensable to the prosper-
ity of our towns. Hopkinsville is on
the threshold of a grand future. She
is soon to be the central point in
which shall converge a system of turn-
pikes intersecting one of the richest
farming regions in the Union. Hith-
erto hosts of farmers and mill owners
will come from a wide territory to
have work done. For every iron-
worker now here, a score will short-
ly be required.

This infant foundry should be en-
couraged. It needs more capital to
extend its operations. It does not ask
the bonus which it can readily get by
removing its plant elsewhere. It on-
ly needs an increase of its stock, which
is certain to pay a good dividend, un-
der good management. Our people
who have money to invest should help
to promote the contemplated boom of
Hopkinsville by looking into this en-
terprise at once. Its success will in-
sure the planting of manufactures in
many other departments.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, a
Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma,
Whooping Cough, Croup and all dis-
eases of the Lungs and Bronchial
tubes or air passages, use Dr. Jack-
son's Lungwort and Wild Cherry.
It is an unfailing remedy and very
pleasant to take, can be purchased at
J. R. Armstrong's Drug Store, Hop-
kinsville, Ky. Price 25 cents 50 cents
and \$1.00 per bottle.

TWO WEDDINGS.

ROACH-REDD: Mr. Robert
Cook Roach, of Clarksville, Tenn.,
and Miss Lou C. Redd, were married
at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon at
the residence of Mr. Jas. E. Jessup,
the bride's step-father, on Seventh St.
The ceremony was pronounced by
Rev. J. W. Lewis, of the Methodist
church, in the presence of a large
number of invited guests. The bride
and groom took the 5 o'clock train for
Clarksville, where they will make
their future home.

Mr. Roach formerly lived in this
city and is well known here as a
young gentleman of many excellent
traits of character. His genial, com-
panionable disposition makes him
universally popular wherever he is
known.

The lovely bride whom he has won
is a young lady of magnificent pres-
ence, and rare beauty of a stately
brunette type. She is one of Hop-
kinsville's most popular and attrac-
tive young ladies and has been a
reigning belle since she left school a
few years ago. We congratulate the
fortunate groom upon his good luck
in securing so beautiful, accomplish-
ed and lovable a partner for life's
journey. May they ever be supremely
happy and contented in each other's
love, is our earnest wish.

Mrs. Roach was the recipient of a
large number of elegant and costly
bridal presents.

WARFIELD-WOOD: A happy
marriage at the residence of Dr. Ben.
S. Wood, on Third street last evening,
at 8 o'clock, was the sequel to a ro-
mantic episode, an account of which
appeared in these columns about a
month ago. Mr. Alex. Warfield, of
Clarksville, and Dr. Wood's daugh-
ter, Miss Sallie, eloped to Clarksville,
with the intention of being married,
but the wedding was stopped by a
telegram and a consultation held
which resulted in an agreement to
have the marriage at home a few
weeks later. The young couple were
therefore united at the home of the
parents last evening, Rev. J. W. Lewis,
of the Methodist church, officiating.
Immediately after the wedding cere-
mony the bridal couple left on the
10 o'clock express for St. Louis.

Good Effects of Our Blowing Up

While Clarksville and Hopkinsville
have been making a great deal of
railroad racket, Princeton with com-
mendable enterprise, has, by an over-
whelming vote of its citizens, declared
that she must have another railroad
outlet. On the 15th inst., \$20,000 was
voted to the capital stock of the Ohio
Valley railroad for the purpose of
having that road extended from Ma-
jor by the way of Fredonia. Thirty
thousand dollars was asked for by
the Ohio Valley Company, \$10,000 of
the amount was to be voted by Fredo-
nia district. At last accounts \$5,000 of
the Fredonia money had been sub-
scribed, and prospects were flattering
for the balance to be raised. The
Ohio Valley's objective point, we
learn, is Jackson, Tenn., and the road
when built to Princeton, will be on a
direct line with Cadiz. Surely, if
Princeton can afford to add another
railroad tax to the \$400,000 that she
is regularly and promptly liquidating
why let that our citizens do not
throw out some inducements to in-
duce the building of a railroad when
overtures are made to them, with
that end in view? If a railroad has
been beneficial in developing the re-
sources of the county of Caldwell and
carrying freight and passengers to
and from without such restrictions as
has been placed upon them in the
form of the Interstate Commerce bill,
it is certainly fair to conclude that
Trigg county would be benefited in
a ten-fold ratio by throwing off the
weights of "stand-back-and-waitisms"
and come to the front. We have been
censured abroad for permitting the
spirit of progress to sleep. We feel
that the eyes of our neighbors are
upon us, and it behooves us, if we
would keep up with the grand march
of progress and improvement, to do
something for our country. We have
a rich, solvent county, and can afford
to take stock in improvements of all
sorts, and railroads especially—Cadiz
Telephone.

POULTRY BREEDER.

W. B. Cooley, proprietor of Park Poultry
Yard, Owensboro, Ky., will supply Eggs for
hatching from 3 variety best strains Plymouth
Rock's 3 variety Wyandotters; 1 variety Light Brahma
at \$2.00 for 10; 1 variety Gold Pheasant
for \$1.00. A fair hatch guaranteed. Broilers
of Laced Plymouth Rocks and Wyandotters
for sale at 2-25-30c.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

The homestead of the late John B. Gowan,
containing 12 acres for sale cheap. Also a val-
uable stone quarry and other land on 9th street.
Inquire of
Orlando McCullough,
1-24-4-Tues.
Louisville, Ky.

NOTICE!

All persons indebted to the estate of Edwin
Edwards, Dec'd., will please come forward
and settle with E. W. C. Edwards or G. W.
Shaw and save trouble and cost.
Feb. 11, 1887. 2-25-1mo.

LIVERY FEED AND

George Klein and Jack O'Brien
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Brooklyn. O'Brien was almost anni-
hilated, but won a foul.

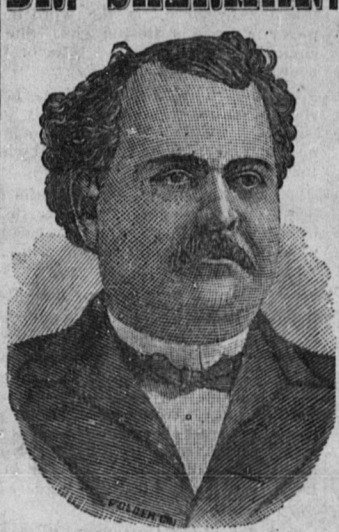
A Genial Restorative.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are empha-
tically a genial restorative. The changes which
this great botanical remedy produces in the
disordered organization are always agree-
ably, though easily progressive, never abrupt
and violent. On this account it is admirably
adapted to persons of delicate constitution
and weak nerves, to whom the powerful min-
eral drugs are positively injurious. That it
instillates those processes which result in the
re-establishment of healthy vigor is con-
spicuously shown in cases where it is taken
with biliousness and constipation. Through di-
gestion, coupled as it usually is, with
laxation, regular evacuation and abundant
secretion, are restored which promptly and
variably attend its systematic use. It is, be-
sides, the best preventive against malaria,
and a reliable diuretic.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

We use our own Delivery Wagon
and will deliver goods at any time on
a few moments notice.
V. W. CRABB & SON.

DR. SHERMAN.



—HE WILL VISIT—

PEMBROKE

by request, SATURDAY, MARCH
5th, and will be at Gill Smith's house.
He will remain only one day and re-
turn to his home office in Hopkin-
sville, where he is now permanently
located. Remember the date.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH;
regardless of weather or condition of
roads.

A fresh lot of Landreth's Garden
Seeds at Rea, Johnson & Over-
shiner's.

COME AND SEE US!

Just arrived, another shipment of
those fine Favorite Cook Stoves guar-
anteed to be the best. Cook Stoves
made no risk in buying one if it does
not give entire satisfaction we will
take it back, so come soon and get
one.

CALDWELL & HANDLE.

SPRING 1887.

Fine Tailoring!

We have just received our SPRING
STOCK of Novelties from Foreign
markets. We make only the best
clothes and guarantee their wearing
qualities and perfect fits. Call and
see us before purchasing elsewhere,
as we have the largest and best se-
lected stock we have ever had and at
the lowest cash prices.

Respectfully,
N. TOBIN & CO.

Lyon's Taster's Lemon Sugar
is pleasant to the taste as Chilli Sugar
children eat it and never know it is
medicine; never fails to cure 50c.
Sold by H. B. Garner.

"Consumption Can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Conley, Owensboro, Ohio, says: "I
have given SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver
Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with
better results than seemed possible with any
remedy. All were B-hereditary cases of Lung
disease, and we no more needed any medi-
cine. I prescribe no other Emulsion of Cod
Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, Time, and So-
da, but Scott's, believing it to be the best."

Children take Lyon's Taster's Syrup
of Quinine and never know it is medi-
cine, 25 cts. Sold by H. B. Garner.

A GOLD MINE FOUND AT JONES & CO'S.

We take this method of informing our many customers and friends
that we carry a full line of everything kept in a First-Class Dry Goods
House, and with it at all times meet any prices made by any other in Hop-
kinsville. Therefore, whenever you wish to purchase goods in any line
house in the city that we stand pledged to sell them as cheap if not
cheaper.

JONES & CO.

POULTRY BREEDER.

W. B. Cooley, proprietor of Park Poultry
Yard, Owensboro, Ky., will supply Eggs for
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secretion, are restored which promptly and
variably attend its systematic use. It is, be-
sides, the best preventive against malaria,
and a reliable diuretic.

This dog is employed to
advertise A. W. FYLE
The Fur- ture Man.

It is no use talking this way, say,
We need the money you owe us,
It's been due for many long days,
So we hope you'll bring it to us.

DRESS GOODS!

I have opened the prettiest stock
of DRESS GOODS
That has been seen in this place for years, all
the new novelties and combinations with trim-
mings to match and feel that we cannot fail to
please all. A lot of those handsome and noble

Ostragahn Jackets

JUST RECEIVED. OUR
Carpet Department
is full of the best grades and latest patterns.
It affords us pleasure to say we have the best
and most complete stock we have ever offered
to the trade and we make our prices the lowest.

Our Motto: Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

The Best Goods in Town.

JERSEY'S CASSIMERES, ETC.

I am offering all Woolen Goods at old prices,
and can save you money.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, & C.

Misses' and Children's
School Shoes,
LADIES'

FINE SHOES

A SPECIALTY.

Alter, Forwood & Co's.,
Celebrated Boots and Shoes for winter. Come
and see us, we will give you an honest price
deal on everything and at lowest prices.

J. D. RUSSELL.

South Kentucky College,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

2nd Term 37th Year Begins
TUESDAY, JAN. 25, '87

12 PROFESSORS AND INSTRUCTORS.
8 COURSES OF STUDY.

1. Course in Arts. 2. Course in Letters. 3.
Course in Science. 4. Course in Engineering.
5. Young Ladies' Course. 6. Normal Course.
7. Commercial Course. 8. Preparatory Course.
Thorough instruction in Music, Painting and
Drawing.

Both sexes admitted, but meet only in the
class-rooms, under the eye of the instructor.

Prof. and Mrs. J. S. E. Schooley will have
charge of the Boarding Department in College
Building, with whom all non-resident
young ladies will board. Young men, under no
circumstances, will be allowed to
board in College, but will find excellent accom-
modations in private families. Tuition free
reasonable. Price of board moderate. Mil-

